

The blazing desertThe unforgiving forest

by Serial 117

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-08 01:43:27

Updated: 2014-10-02 08:16:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:08:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 592

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: These are some stories that where ether forgotten or hardly remembered. One about a spec-ops group another about the most unlikely of alliances.

1. Chapter 1

HELLO BEEN A WHILE WELL IM TAKING A BRAKE OFF SONIC JUST FOR A LITTLE BIT

**HALO BELONG TO 343 AND MICROSOFT I OWN NO HALO FRANCHISE **

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><p>ABOARD THE SHADOW OF INTENT AFTER THE EVENTS OF THE ARK<p>

Arbiter sat in his shipmaster chair thinking of what happened just hours ago. ''The demon'' he whispered. Vadum turned and looked at the Arbiter with a

>puzzled look on his face. ''What about him shipmaster?'' Vadum asked. The Arbiter was taken out of his trance ''nothing of your concern.'' Arbiter said in a bitter tone. Arbiter was taken by his trance once again but not by the ''demon'' but on a old mission...with old memories...with old comrades...<p>

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><p>IN A CLASSIFIED SYSTEM 2531 MOTHS BEFORE THE HUMAN COVENANT WAR<p>

Mission briefing: A elite spec-ops force was dispatched, lead by commander Moretumee to silence disturbances in the outer reaches of the system. This is their story on how it mostly all started...Humanity better be prepared...

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><p>SO WHAT DO YOU THINK SHORT I KNOW BUT IT JUST AN INTRODUCTION CHAPTER NEXT CHAPTER WILL ALSO BE ONE ABOUT THE OTHER STORY. DASH OUT

2. Jungle heat

I DO NOT OWN ANY HALO COPYRIGHT HALO BELONGS TO 343 AND MICROSOFT

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><p>SOMEWHERE IN A JUNGLE<p>

''Get your asses moving soldiers!, come on the core's not paying us by the hour! '' a Sargent ordered his troops out of the marines all jumped out of the pelican and scouted the LZ for any hostiles. A marine with dark hair, and hazel eyes ran towards a fallen tree. ''ALL CLEAR SIR! '' the marine Sargent cursed under his breath. ''Shut the fuck up Rile do you want the covenant to know where we are!?''. Then a marine next to rile slapped him up the head.

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><p>ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE JUNGLE<p>

A lone elite walked through the jungle his white armor was white armored elite wandered trough the thick mud and underbrush of the jungle, he felt weak... of course he felt weak! He put shame among himself! He didn't deserve to ware this armor...he did not derisive even death he thought about that for a second... ''NO'' he thought out loud. Suicide is the coward's way out...For this elite he always wanted to go out fighting but that wish was far out of reach...or so he thought...

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><p>THANKS FOR READING, I WILL BE SWITCHING STORIES BETWEEN CHAPTERS.

FOCUS ON THE **PRESENT LOOK TO THE U.N.S.C**

3. Illusions

BEEN A WHILE

* * *

><p>''Well Jake this post sucks ass'' a tall marine with a reddish beard, sky blue eyes and broad shoulders said to a short but muscular marine. All that Jake did was sigh as a reply to tom's statement, but Jake knew better than to go against orders. ''Fine then be an asshole...'' Tom said under his breath. ''Just scan the area so we can go back to bravo base and get some hours.'' Jake said as he looked through his sniper scope. Tom took out his binoculars and looked out at the sand ocean and out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw something move, he dismissed it as an illusion. ''ugh this heat must be getting to me I thought I saw something out...right... THERE!..'' Tom

showed Jake where he saw the bend in light. Sure enough there it was not sure what it was but it was headed straight for bravo base. ' 'We need to go alert command,NOW. ''<p>

* * *

><p>SHORT? YES BUT I 'M LAZY OK BYE

End
file.